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## A Domestic Wife.

BY ALICE CAREY.  
"You say, my love, I know that bill!  
How silly you must be!  
You're not the rocking-chair, tell me!  
You're not the tea."  
"How glad I am!" "Now make haste, Kate,  
And have this new dress on!  
You're not the rocking-chair, tell me!  
You're not the tea."  
"Be sure the foot's an even brown—  
My love, you know it!  
You're not the rocking-chair, tell me!  
You're not the tea."  
"And tell the girl she may prepare  
Some oysters and prunes,  
We've had of late such wretched fare,  
And to rub up the spoons."  
"Kate! a fiddle-ee-oh,  
And not a word more!  
You're not the rocking-chair, tell me!  
You're not the tea."  
"Dear, I've been mending up your clothes,  
Trying to care for all  
Your little wants—how hard it blows!  
Just had me that old shawl."  
"Not wrong-side-out—no matter, sweet—  
I hate to wear it in the street  
Another time, I'm sure."  
"Shooting to-day (but you're asleep),  
During shirts and your own know,  
I saw a customer—no cheap!  
That would be me so."

## A LEAF FROM A LIFE.

The simple facts recorded in this story occurred in a city not many miles from here. It would be impossible for such a case to happen in Chicago. We are the personification of Charity. We are angels, and this is Paradise! Therefore, I wish it distinctly understood that I write of a "pittiful case," as the papers call it, which came under my notice in a distant city, years ago. As a rule, physicians are the most charitable of men. They may not give trifles away in alms; but their time, which to them is money, is freely given to the suffering, in more cases than one might suppose, "without money and without price." It was upon a freezing cold night that a young physician stepped into the warm, well-lighted office of a merchant prince. The doctor was poor and needy; his coat was worn and threadbare, and furnished but little protection against the cold of the season, because he labored among the poor, and gave his time to those who were unable to pay for it.

The merchant was a wealthy, pious, "eminently respectable" member of society. He was the mainstay of a church, the promoter of charitable schemes, and a member of the board of directors of the city hospital, which were backed by influence, or conferred distinction upon the giver. The world at large honored his name; but the men in his employ were wont to smile mysteriously when his charities were mentioned in their hearing, and one of them was once heard to remark that he "never encountered a man so well named." Now strange to say, this model man's name was Cantter.

So, into Mr. Cantter's office the young physician walked with some trepidation, yet, being one of the world at large, was confident that he would be heard, for he was on a begging expedition; not for himself—he would rather have died than beg—but for a poor boy who lay dying in a tenement house in Dead Man's row—lay dying of starvation. It was too late to save his life—that the doctor knew; and he hoped to raise sufficient money to make the boy comfortable for the remainder of his life left him. As he opened the door of the counting-room, he saw Mr. Cantter standing before the glowing grate-fire, declaiming nobly upon the beauties of true charity to his bookkeeper, who, being hard pushed to live upon the pittance paid him by his employer, was not as enthusiastic as his employer would have had him.

"—and has not charity, it profiteth him nothing," said Mr. Cantter, in a loud tone of voice, as the door opened, and the thought flashed through his mind that perhaps it was the pastor of his church. The doctor entered, and suddenly the flood of eloquence which the merchant was pouring out upon the doctor's head, was hushed, for he knew the doctor, and knew also that he was about to ask for money, and his hands came from behind his back, went into his pockets, and remained there. The doctor, by way of beginning, remarked upon the severity of the weather.

"Yes," said Mr. Cantter, "God help the poor!" The bookkeeper, bending over the ledger, said to himself, but said nothing. The doctor hardly liked the expression upon the merchant's face, and the only union with which these words rolled from his mouth, but resolutely dashed at his subject. He depicted the sufferings of the dwellers in Dead Man's row; the tumble-down houses, admitting the wind and snow at every corner; the children which reigned in them; then, excited by the troubles he had not witnessed, he appealed to the merchant to help those who were unable to help themselves.

Warmth usually begets warmth, and it is therefore singular, but not less true, that as the doctor warmed Mr. Cantter, and when he had finished speaking that gentleman said: "I can do nothing for you. I am a subscriber to the Magdalen's Home, the Reformatory Hospital, the Seamen's Refuge, the North Pole Missions, the

case of such utter wretchedness. A boy a little more of a child, dying for want of food," pleaded the doctor.

"I dare say," said Mr. Cantter, "but charity, to be effective, must be well directed. You must come to our church next Sunday. We have the finest preacher in the city, and, as his sermon is upon charity, you will no doubt be able to profit by his suggestions."

"But about the boy," said the doctor, fearful that the conversation would wander away from the subject which interested him more than the sermon which was in prospect.

"I can't squander money on such objects," said the merchant, again suddenly dropping from warmth to cold. "I can give you a letter to the Poor Children's Home, and at the next meeting of the Board—"

"D—n the Board," said the doctor, now thoroughly indignant.

"Profanity! In my presence!" exclaimed the merchant. "You shock me, sir."

"Shock you!" said the doctor. "Shock you? How have you shocked me with your lying tale of charity? Is it charity to go to a fine church, to listen to a sensational preacher? Is it charity to go to a luxurious home, to eat a grand dinner, and talk over a velvet sofa, before a blazing fire—to look through French plate-glass windows at the houseless, hungry poor as they hurry by, and say, 'God help the poor?'"

"Shame upon such charity," said the doctor, borne on by the flood of indignation. "A true, noble charity is the best thing upon earth; but a hypocritical charity should be weighty enough to damn any soul. And, slamming the door to, the doctor strode away."

"I am truly shocked at that young man's reckless use of strong terms," said Mr. Cantter; "but," he added, reflectively, "let us hope that he will see the error of his ways and repent before it is too late. I hope, Mr. Strong, that you will take warning from him, and be more regular in your attendance at church. By the way, to-morrow is Sunday, and you must come to our church and hear Mr. Highfalutin on 'Charity.'"

The doctor, disheartened at his rebuff, and thoroughly indignant at the hypocrisy of him who had been a witness, paused irresolutely upon the corner, and as he stood there, he heard a quick step behind him; then a hand hurriedly thrust a small roll of money into his; and turning, he was just in time to see the form of Mr. Cantter's bookkeeper disappearing in the gloom. The sum was small, but it was sufficient for the purpose, and, with a lighter heart, the doctor went his way to Dead Man's row.

A narrow, filthy passage-way between two houses leads from the fine thoroughfare into a narrow, filthy court, and at the end of the court stands Dead Man's row, immediately in the rear of a fine church—Mr. Cantter's church. Why this name was ever conferred upon these tumble-down old rookeries I am not able to state. Suffice it to say that they were so called, and at the first glance one was apt to acknowledge its stability.

As the doctor passed down the wretched-looking court he stopped one minute to shake his fist at the church looming up so grandly before him, then opened the door of one of the most wretched-looking houses in the block. Up four pairs of creaking, swaying stairs he went, and then, having arrived at the garret, stooped to avoid the sloping roof, and entered a squalid, comfortable room. There was no furniture of any kind to be seen, and no fire. The wind blew in at the windows and the door, and snow had drifted in at the same place, and lay in little piles upon the floor.

A woman, clothed in rags, sitting by a straw pallet in one corner of the room, arose, entered, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes," he said, "after some trouble." "Thank the Lord for that!" she answered, fervently. "The poor boy can die in peace, at any rate."

"I ordered the things sent up. Is he asleep?" "Unconscious like," answered the woman. "His brain wanders a little at times."

A little morsel of a boy lay upon the bed—the unmistakable mark of famine in his face.

The doctor bent over him, and, looking into his face a moment, said to the woman, standing silent at his side: "His pain is over. He will probably live until morning, but he will never again be conscious."

The long night passed, day dawned, and the boy still lived. The morning wore on, and church time came. Cargages rattled up to the door of the church and discharged their loads of silks, satins and broadcloths. The bowing ushers opened the doors of the crimson-lined, luxurious pews, and the congregation slowly assembled.

"What do you know of charity?" thought the doctor. "Here, not more than twenty feet from the pulpit of your church, poverty reigns supreme; yet not witnessed, they appeal to the merchant to help those who were unable to help themselves."

"There can be no deception in starvation," said Mr. Cantter, calmly ignoring the doctor, and many other charities. I find my time entirely taken up, and I can neither spare time nor money to aid a vagabond who may be deceiving you."

"Well, may be not; but I might be placing a premium on dishonesty, and I hope to aid worthy objects."

upon his lips; his thin, white hand stirred upon the bed, and, while the last strains still lingered upon the air, he turned his face to the wall, and so died.

And as the man in a threadbare coat and ragged shoes, in the church the next Sunday, we have the finest preacher in the city, and, as his sermon is upon charity, you will no doubt be able to profit by his suggestions."

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## Foreign Gossip.

ELEVEN thousand shilling subscriptions to the Burns Monument fund have been received in the city of Glasgow.

FERNAND L. who abdicated the throne of Austria in 1848, in favor of Francis Joseph, is approaching his death. He is nearly 80 years of age.

The Prussian Government has adopted the use of American fiber paper in the manufacture of bank notes, to prevent counterfeiting. The same paper is used exclusively in Washington.

Tex displeasure of the Austrian Government with certain American journals, it is said in Vienna, will probably lead to the imposition of five cents on every issue of political papers published in the United States.

EX QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain still continues to figure in social life in Paris. A correspondent describes a grand birthday reception at her handsome abode in the Rue de Reservoirs, which occasion about one hundred grandees of different nationalities gathered about the stout lady who is so remarkably ugly and uses a fan with such remarkable elegance.

The present revenues of Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, do not seem adequate to meet its expenses. The population, which numbered 130,316 in 1840, has steadily decreased, owing to disease and the absence of immigration, until it is estimated at 60,000 souls. Yet the Government expenditures for the fiscal year 1872 foot up \$1,130,241, nearly \$20 for every inhabitant.

THE United Kingdom Savings' Banks report, just published, is almost startling. In England alone the deposits amounted, at the end of the year, to the enormous sum of \$155,000,000, which shows an average of more than \$7 per head for the entire population. In the whole United Kingdom the amount of such deposits exceeds \$285,000,000, not counting the sums deposited with the numerous friendly societies and similar associations.

LEANDER used to swim across the Hellespont for love of Hero, and Lord Byron, out of ambition, performed the same feat; and now Lieut. Moore and Gunner Maloney, of the British sloop-of-war Shearwater, have followed these noble examples, swimming on the 25th of October, from Abydos to Sestos. The distance is about three miles, but the current lengths the adventurous swimmer's course to about seven miles. The mode of name of the strait is the Dardanelles.

They try to do these things better in England—Government regulates everything about railways. The road-bed is laid under Government supervision; royal oversight is taken of every rail. No road can cross another or cross a highway on the same level; bridges or tunnels must be resorted to. It is a felony for a passenger to cross the track for one side of the station to the other. Switchmen are choicely selected. A house is erected over the tracks, inclosed with glass windows, carpeted and warmed. The handles of the switches come up into this room. They are all numbered and are called "points." Conspicuous in the room is the painted warning, "Mind your points." If the switchman makes a mistake, something worse than dismissal awaits him. His offense is a crime, and the State will punish him by fine and imprisonment.

TWO HUNDRED years ago Alasce and Lorraine underwent a similar but much severer depopulating and denationalizing to the one of the present year. In October of 1660, Louis Fourteenth, after conquering, obtained possession of the contested province, set to work to turn the inhabitants into Frenchmen. The Cathedral was taken from Protestants, and given to Catholics. No Lutheran official was allowed. German names were replaced by French, and an order was given compelling all the women to adopt the French fashion in dress, and forbidding the men to wear the high-pointed hats of the country. Enormous taxes were imposed, not only on men, women and children, but on kreutzers on every neck and four wheels on every ten.

The treasurer, which were kept at Nancy were all removed to Paris, and for a while the French rule was as irksome as is the present German.

Western Patents.  
The following Western patents were issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending October 22, 1872, as reported by Gridley & Warner, Patent Attorneys, No. 135 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.:

Back-lash spring for machinery—Hiram W. Backlund, Chicago.  
Compound to prevent incrustation in steam boilers—William Peacock, Chicago.  
Machinery for polishing marble and wood—John C. Canby, Chicago.  
Machinery for operating sewing-machine—John Phelan, Chicago.  
Revolving crane—George G. Wagoner, Chicago.  
Carriage—Harris Hale, Petersburg.  
Windmill—Alonzo P. Chapman, Chicago.  
Variable furnace—Adrian V. Gilmore, Centralia.  
Machine for rolling metal—William D. Hillis, Elgin.  
Apparatus for burning hydrocarbons—Alonzo C. Rand, Aurora.  
Machine for removing snow from railroads—David Townsend, Morrison.

Potato digger—Thomas Johnson, Three Rivers, Ontario.  
Center-board for vessels—James Dean, Detroit.  
Rear-wheel frame—Bates & Felt, Plainfield, New Jersey.  
Central mine.  
Medical compound—Louis W. Wollenweber, Jeffersonville.  
Hay press—George W. D. Culp, East Waterbury.

Windmill—James Hall, Ligonier.  
Milkstone dress—Haines O'Connor, Mishawaka, Ind.  
Washing machine—John A. King, Hamburg, Iowa.

Sash holder—William W. Amos, Olathe, Mo.  
Hoe—Michael Cooker, Baxter Springs, Wisconsin.  
Sleigh brake—Alvin Derby, Virgo, Wis.  
Machine for mixing chair seats—Samuel W. Windmill—Isaac H. Palmer, Lodi.

Vice—William H. Jacoby, Minneapolis.  
Spring wagon—John A. Chapman, Rochester.

Ten number of dead letters sent to the department at Washington during the past year was 4,194,748, of which 3,973,075 were domestic, and 221,673 foreign.

## The Second Presidency of Gen. Grant.

The first term of Gen. Grant began at probably the most unfortunate moment at which any man without the training of a politician and the experience of a statesman could have assumed the duties of the office. The sense of relief from the great strain of the war was passing away; the irritation arising from excessive ill-adjusted taxation and the first convulsions of the delirious currency, was beginning. The first burst of contemporary gratitude to a great soldier was dying out, and the debt due to him from the country he was regarded as having saved was supposed by many to be paid by the gift of his highest office; while the reverential love which a second generation gives a national hero had not yet begun.

The Obnoxious Administration of Andrew Johnson, with its corrupt system of office-bargaining between the President and the Senate, had surrendered no small part of the attributes of the Presidency; so that instead of public officers being, as the Constitution prescribes, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, they had come to be appointed by the Senate on the nomination of the President. The impact, therefore, had lessened the public estimation of the office; and to such a degree that respectability and ordinary temperate journals and periodicals had begun to regard the President as an objectionable President might be removed by impeachment, though entirely innocent of high crimes and misdemeanors. There were, moreover, certain personal characteristics of Gen. Grant, which, while they made his Administration a failure, but which, singularly, indicate that his recent Administration will be incomparably better than the first.

The first of these personal traits is that characteristic which cannot be readily defined, but is well understood in the common phrase of "minding his own business." This became a crisis in the career of the steady, patient growth; erring, but never repeating the same one; moving steadily, and always in the same direction. The success of the campaign of 1864-5 will always seem to be the work of two different men. Yet between the two there is a new set of circumstances. The men we do not admire, their field of operations we think small, their system of strategy shallow and mean; but as a general, Grant was the ablest that could be had.

But there is one other characteristic of Gen. Grant which his first Presidency has hardly called into action, but which in the second may be found to retrieve much of the ground that has been lost. This is his ability to learn, and especially to learn wisdom from the mistakes of others. The first Presidency (we shall judge it by his first or substituted report) and the comprehensive strategy of the campaign of 1864-5 will always seem to be the work of two different men. Yet between the two there is a new set of circumstances. The men we do not admire, their field of operations we think small, their system of strategy shallow and mean; but as a general, Grant was the ablest that could be had.

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their country as cabinet ministers rather than as party or professional politicians, there is little fear that the country would have been on his side, and members of Congress soon relegated to their constitutional sphere of legislative duties. We deplore the result, and cannot wholly forgive the surrender, but an examination of the operating causes and agencies enables us to understand how it was brought about.